

ACIS AND GALATEA,

SET TO MUSIC BY

MR. *H A N D E L*,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

COLLEGE-HALL, WORCESTER,

ON WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1791

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ACIS AND GALATEA.

PART THE FIRST.

CHORUS.

O THE pleasures of the plains!
Happy nymphs and happy swains,
(Harmless, merry, free and gay,)
Dance and sport the hours away.

For Us the zephyr blows;

For Us distills the dew;

For Us unfolds the rose;

And flow'rs display their hue:

For Us the winters rain;

For Us the summers shine;

Spring swells for Us the grain;

And autumn bleeds the vine.

Da Capo.

RECIT.

R E C I T A T I V E.

GALATEA.

YE verdant plains, and woody mountains,
 Purling streams, and bubbling fountains;
 Ye painted glories of the field,
 Vain are the pleasures which you yield;
 Too thin the shadow of the grove;
 Too faint the gales to cool my love.

A I R.

Hush, ye pretty warbling choir,
 Your thrilling strains
 Awake my pains,
 And kindle fierce desire:
 Cease your song, and take your flight;
 Bring back my Acis to my sight.

Da Capo.

A I R.

ACIS.

Where shall I seek my charming fair?
 Direct the way, kind genius of the mountains:
 O tell me when you saw my dear;
 Seeks he the groves, or bathes in crystal fountains?

Da Capo.

R E C I T.

R E C I T A T I V E.

D A M O N.

Stay, shepherd, stay!
 See how thy flocks in yonder valley stray.
 What means this melancholy air?
 No more thy tuneful pipe we hear.

A I R.

Shepherd, what art thou pursuing;
 Heedless, running to thy ruin!
 Share our joy,—our pleasure share:
 Leave thy passion till to-morrow;
 Let the day be free from sorrow;
 Free from love, and free from care.

Da Capo.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Lo here, my love!
 Turn, GALATEA, hither turn thine eyes;
 See, at thy feet the longing ACIS lies.

A I R.

A I R.

Love in her eyes sits playing,
 And sheds delicious death;
 Love in her lips is straying,
 And warbling in her breath:
 Love on her breast sits panting,
 And swells with soft desire:
 No grace,—no charm is wanting,
 To set the heart on fire. *Da Capo.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

G A L A T E A.

O! didst thou know the pains of absent love,
 Acis would ne'er from GALATEA rove.

A I R.

As when the dove
 Laments her love,
 All on a naked spray;
 When he returns,
 No more she mourns,
 But loves the live-long day:
 Billing, cooing,
 Panting, wooing,
 Melting murmurs fill the grove,
 Melting murmurs, lasting love.

[*Da Capo.*

D U E T.

(7)

DUET.

ACIS AND GALATEA.

Happy we!

What joys I feel!—What charms I see!

Of all youths, thou dearest boy!

Of all nymphs, thou brightest fair!

Thou art my bliss,—thou art my joy!

Da Capo.

CHORUS.

Happy we, &c.

CHORUS

END OF THE FIRST PART.

(8)

PART

ACTS AND SCENES

PART THE SECOND.

CHORUS

CHORUS.

WRETCHED lovers ! fate has past
This sad decree ; " No joy shall last."
Wretched lovers, quit your dream ;
Behold the monster **POLYPHEME** :
See what an ample stride he takes ;
The mountain nods,—the forest shakes ;
The waves run frighten'd to the shores :
Hark ! how the thund'ring giant roars.

RECI-

RECITATIVE. (*Accompanied.*)

POLYPHEMUS.

I rage,—I melt,—I burn,
The feeble god has stabb'd me to the heart.

Thou trusty pine,
Prop of my portly steps, I lay thee by.
Bring me an hundred reeds of decent growth,
To make a pipe for my capacious mouth;
In soft enchanting accents let me breathe
Sweet GALATEA's beauty and my love.

A I R.

O ruddier than the cherry!
O sweeter than the berry!
O nymph more bright
Than moon-shine night,
Like kiddlings blithe and merry!
Ripe as the melting cluster,
No lily hath such lustre;
Yet hard to tame,
As raging flame,
And fierce as storms that bluster.

Da Capo.

A I R.

RECL.

R E C I T A T I V E.

POLYPHEMUS, GALATEA.

Poly. Whither, fairest, art thou running,
Still my warm embraces shunning?

Gal. The lion calls not to his prey;
Nor bids the wolf the lambkin stay.

Poly. Thee, POLYPHEMUS, great as JOVE,
Calls to empire and to love;
To his palace in the rock;
To his dairy, to his flock;
To the grape of purple hue;
To the plumb of glossy blue;
Wildings which expecting stand,
Proud to be gather'd by thy hand.

Gal. Of infant limbs to make thy food,
And swill full draughts of human blood!
Go, monster, bid some other guest:
I loath the host,— I loath the feast.

(II)

A I R.

POLYPHEMUS,

Cease to beauty to be suing,
Ever whining love disdaining,
Let the brave, their aims pursuing,
Still be conqu'ring, not complaining.

Da Capo.

A I R.

D A M O N.

Would you gain a tender creature,
Softly, gently, kindly treat her:
Suff'ring is the lover's part:
Beauty, by constraint possessing,
You enjoy but half the blessing,
Lifeless charms without the heart.

Da Capo.

R E C I T A T I V E.

His hideous love provokes my rage.
Weak as I am, I must engage:
Inspir'd with thy victorious charms,
The God of Love will lend his arms.

A I R.

A I R.

Love sounds the alarm,

And fear is a-flying :

When beauty's the prize,

What mortal fears dying?

In defence of my treasure,

I'll bleed at each vein :

Without her no pleasure,

For life is a pain.

Da Capo.

A I R.

D A M O N.

Consider, fond shepherd,

How fleeting's the pleasure

That flatters our hopes,

In pursuit of the fair :

The joys that attend it,

By moments we measure ;

But life is too little

To measure our care.

Da Capo.

RECIT.

RECITATIVE.

RECITATIVE
GALATEA.

Cease, O cease, thou gentle youth;
Trust my constancy and truth;
Trust my truth, and pow'rs above,
The pow'rs propitious still to love.

ACT II
SCENE I

ACIS, GALATEA AND POLYPHEMUS.

Acis and Gal. The flocks shall leave the mountains;
The woods the turtle dove;
The nymphs forsake the fountains,
Ere I forsake my love.

Polyphemus. Torture! fury! rage! despair!
I cannot, cannot, cannot bear.

Acis and Gal. Not show'rs to larks so pleasing;
Nor sun-shine to the bee;
Not sleep to toil so easing,
As these dear smiles to me.

Polyphemus. Fly swift, thou massy ruin fly;—
O presumptuous Acis, die!

CHORUS

D

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

RECITATIVE.

GALATEA.

Help, GALATEA! help, ye parent gods!
And take me dying to your deep abodes.

CHORUS.

Mourn, all ye muses; weep, ye swains;
Tune, tune your reeds to doleful strains:
Groans, cries and howlings fill the neighb'ring shore,—
Ah!—the gentle ACIS is no more.

SONG AND CHORUS.

GALATEA.

Must I, my ACIS, still bemoan,
Inglorious crushed beneath that stone?
Must the lovely, charming youth,
Die for his constancy and truth?
Say, what comfort can you find?
For dark despair o'erclouds my mind.

CHORUS.

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C H O R U S.

Cease, GALATEA, cease to grieve;
Bewail not when thou canst relieve;
Call forth thy pow'r, employ thy art;
The goddess soon can heal thy smart:
To kindred gods the youth return,
Through verdant plains to roll his urn.

R E C I T A T I V E.

GALATEA.

'Tis done: thus I exert my pow'r divine;
Be thou immortal, though thou art not mine.

A I R.

Heart, thou seat of soft delight!
Be thou now a fountain bright;
Purple be no more thy blood;
Glide thou like a crystal flood:
Rock, thy hollow womb disclose:
The bubbling fountain; lo! it flows
Thro' the plains he joys to rove,
Murm'ring still his gentle love.

C H O R U S.

C H O R U S.

GALATEA, dry thy tears;

ACIS now a god appears,

See how he rears him from his bed;

See the wreath that binds his head.

Hail, thou gentle murm'ring stream,

Shepherds' pleasure, muses' theme!

Thro' the plains still joy to rove,

Murm'ring still thy gentle love.

R E C I T A T I V E.

GALATEA.

S. I N I F

A I R.

Heart, thou fount of soft delight!

Be thou now a fountain bright;

Purple be no more thy blood;

Glide thou like a crystal flood:

Rock, thy hollow womb disclose;

The bubbling fountain; lo! it flows

Thro' the plains the joys to rove,

Murm'ring still his gentle love.

C H O R U S.